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NUMBER 12

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TALMAGE SERMON

FRANK DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D. Paster of Jefferson Park Presby-terian Church, Chicago

Chicago, Sept. 27. - Amid the distractions and temptations of modern tian lives. The text is Jeremiah vi.

16. "Ask for the old paths." Most simple is the text's figure. Its simplicity gives it a homely beauty. It has in it the aroma of the woods. It is one of those simple similes of country life that bring back to the weary accustomed to the hard paving stones dictions unless perhaps it was on the of the city sidewalks, the memory of day when he found that a neighbor, the footpaths over turf covered hills who was left an executor by law, had and the narrow lanes between the banks beleweled with sweet wild flowers that he used to walk in his childhood days. The old paths-we can never forget them. It will do us good if we think of them this morning and see if there are any moral lessons we can learn from them. Sometimes the ommonest incidents of everyday life have a voice for those who will hear. Jean Francois Millet is everywhere ranked among the most famous artists. He taught, however, his greatest lesson by painting two ordinary everyday French peasants bending over their boes in the center of a country field in an attitude of prayer. The 'Angelus," immortalized by Millet, was ung from a village church spire. His worshipers were those who once lived in a humble poor man's home. Robert Burns was the sweetest bard

old Scotland ever cradied among the

wild flowers of Ayr and lullabled to sleep by the murmuring waters of the Bonnie Doon." Yet, with the hand of a master, he played upon the silver chords of the grand old instrument of human love by singing one of his sweetest songs about a mouse's nest. In the death of a four legged dumb brute Burns loosened the silent tongues of many a songster and songstress who have blended their voices in a chorus Melfa, Va. of praise at the sacred altars of domes tic happiness. Jeremiah, among the greatest of the prophets, lamenting that his countrymen had deserted their God and disobeyed his laws, pleads with them to avert the impending punishment by returning to him, and he employs this simple figure to portray their condition. He describes them as travelers lost upon the mountains of sin, bunting for a path which will lead them out of their moral difficulties. He represents God as telling them to "ask for the old paths, which is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. But they said, "We will not walk therein." Jeremiah the time, over which the eastern caravans have traveled and the cows have come home for the evening milking and over which have passed tired men and women when, with daily tasks well done, they have sought the home firesides for physical refreshment and for

blessed sleep. The Pathway to the Cross. Like Jeremiah, I would today carry your thoughts back to the reminiscences of the country and from the sweet, fresh flowers of the village hedgerows pluck blossoms which will remind you of old time associations and resolves. The greatest of horticulturists is not the gardener who fashions his beds in the "many colors" of a Joseph's coat or It looks as simple and yet as beautiful as the June heavens colored in blue. Another bed looks like a great collection of leaping flames. It is planted only in roses. It is very simple. It is as simple in colors as a cardinal's robe. It is as simple in colors as the setting sun. Another bed has the jaundiced look of a Malay's skin. It is only planted in golden glows. Another will be an azalea bed, another a dahlia, another planted in white lilles, another in geraniums. The horticulturistic genius thrives best in the simplicity of colors. From this sermonic bed I would pluck only the sweet forgetmenots of tender memories. Like Jeremiah the prophet I would try to lead you over some of the old paths which your feet have trodden in the past, and in the leading I would lead you to the foot of the

The old path which wound its way toward the old homestead is the first one I would bid you to seek. That path by the side of which was once builded your father's and mother's nursery is today in all probability covered up with underbrush. Here it is blocked by the rotting trunk of a tree which has fallen sideways. There it has been scooped out by a freshet and yonder covered up with a landslide. It looks a great deal like one of those old deserted log roads which once wound their way through the woods toward the town. After the new highway or pike was opened the farmers and the farmers' wives always went the other way to market. The result is that the small bushes and the weeds have begun to grow over that path which led to your mother's nursery. It has long been untrodden by any human foot. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty years! What? What? Have your mother and father been dead as long as that? My, my, how time does go! No wonder

could not find the right place to settle, her dying benediction. Will you not asked. "If you will I will unstrap in one direction, they would retrace seek the old path, the Christian path, your husband's crew and let your ship their steps by these notches and start of your glorified and sainted mother? go free," out in the woods from another direction. Well, these old paths which once led up to the homes of our childhood flowers and that pathway have been man and died at the age of ninety-four may not have been used for a quarter of a century, but they can be easily followed. Our parents "blazed" them

As I follow these "blazings" I find may not have had much money. In all probability you, as a farmer's boy, re- village bell rang those notes would member him for the most part clothed life this sermon utters a warning cry, under that rough exterior there beat way up from the bottom of a stream. ways and upright, honorable, Chris- ing back over the long years, you re- your ear, as the bubbles come nearer member him traveling that "straight path." You cannot think of one act your father ever did which was dishonorable. People sometimes said "he was close" in reference to money. He had to be close in order to furnish bread enough for his bables' mouths. You cannot remember your father once losing his temper and uttering malerobbed a poor widow of her all. Ah, that old father of yours may have worn shabby clothes and may have kets, a Bible and a gold headed cane, and perhaps a snuffbox, that father left you the grandest legacy a boy ever received. He left to you an unfather's life well and honestly lived. Even as I speak now and talk about his past life a blush mantles your When you contrast his pure life with yours and you remember some of the mean, sneaking things you are accustomed to do in your dealings with your fellow men, you say: "I wish I had always followed in the footsteps of my father. I wish I had always followed in his straight path." Why don't you, my brother? Why don't you now? Are the thickets too strong about you? Are the jungles of

> honest path, which your father once trod. Seek it now! "Blazing" Marks. Then, again, I further study the marks along the paths which led up to the home of our childhood. I find out that these paths were Christian paths and always led toward the throne of God. How do I know? Simple enough. Let me illustrate: When I was in Europe I always, as far as tracks of tourists. I never could see what enjoyment there was for a sumand go to Rome and live with Americans in a hotel run there for Amer-

sin too dense? God is telling you to-

icans, and go to Berlin and live with Europe as far as possible I live there and walk with you there now. points the right path leading to the throne of God by using the homely simile of the ordinary country paths among the natives, and for the most you seek the old path—the path over part among the common people. Now, which you went for the first time to again and again, when I have turned the communion table of the Lord? my back upon European cities and climbed the unfrequented paths which lead over the mountains, I have been startled with finding here a cross and there an altar. I would find these crosses and altars far, far away from any house or church. Then, as I have concealed myself among the trees and waited, I bave seen weary peasants come along with great big packs strapped to their shoulders. Then I have seen them stop and look around to see if any one was watching. Then I have seen them unstrap their burdens and lay them at the feet of the image of Christ and then and there kneel in prayer. Well, my friend, in going along the pathway which was "blazed" by your mother's bread knife and knitting needle, I come upon altars everywhere. I find that there was hardly a step that she took in life but she had a place where she could stop and kneel in prayer. And at every altar I find indentations in the rocks where she laid her burdens at the Saviour's feet. And, oh, my friend, what a lot of burdens she had to lay upon her Saviour's breast in her journey of life! There was that awful burden of physical sickness. I do not know how you may remember your mother, but most of us think of mother when she was physically sick. She seemed to be so long dying. Now it was the pain in the head; now it was the disordered nerves. Then it was that long, long time, when we had a trained nurse. "How is mother today?" the younger children would ask, and we would an swer, "Not very well, my dear; not very well." I think one of the saddest and yet the most beautiful prayers my mother used to make, in the last year and a half of her earthly existence, was this: "O God, may my children never have to physically suf-fer as I have suffered." Yet, for the

> A Glorified Roadway. I go a little farther along this Christian path of your dead mother. I find also the place where she laid at Christ's feet the burden of her anxiety for the salvation of her children. Some people love to think of their mother, first by picturing her sitting and sewing for a bride from her father's home? their advent. It is a beautiful sight to see the young wife by the evening lamp, with her needle in her hand, making the little white garments for the stranger soon to come. Our mothers thought and planned for the cradle and the little wardrobe weeks before manhood in your makeup, you wanted of suffering all might be well for the feels the uplifting power when a child ful vision. But, oh, to me it is a far Henniker, N. H., can be found a tombthe pause which followed the newly more beautiful sight to see a young stone with the name, "Mary, wife of made Repediet leaked even more and think of her praying to God that her The history of that name is this: In unborn child might grow up to be a June, 1720, a ship was sailing across

leaf health by living and doing for us.

watered with your mother's tears.

But there is another path to which I ing to Sunday school and to the church they were morally straight paths. They of your childhood. If that church was were as straight as a die. Your father in the country, then there was poetry in your going. When the call of the press their way through the atmosin overalls and a woolen shirt. But phere like bubbles of air working their first baby was born? and nearer to the surface of the wa-Then with a happy laugh they would seem to burst. You would first hear those notes when you would be riding toward the town. Father and mother, brothers and sisters would all be crowded together in the one carriage. My, there was a big load of you who used to travel that road! No wonder the big springs of that family vehicle used to bend and groan and creak under the heaviness of the load.

If the path which you first traveled to Sunday school was along the sidebeen poor in pocket, but he was rich walk of a city, then in all probability in character. The path he traveled to you walked. You walked by the side and from the old homestead was al- of your father or mother, because you ways a "straight path." Though the were the youngest. Then your new shoes would squeak at every step. signed made provision for a few trin- Those shoes kept new for a long while because you were only allowed to wear them on Sunday. But as you rode or walked to that Sunday school and to your first church services a great tarnished name, the example of a change came over your family party. One of your sisters or brothers left your side and went up to the church altar. One by one they there gave their hearts to Christ and publicly confessed him at the communion table. After awhile your turn came. You can see yourself now as you came before the church session. You remember how the old minister wiped his glasses. He put his hand upon your shoulder and said: "My boy, why do you want to join the church? Do you love Jesus? Will you promise to live for him and give your life to his service?" Then you remember the great big lump that day to seek the old paths. Ask for stuck in your throat. You remember the old path, the straight path, the how between your sobs you said: "The reason I want to be a Christian is because my father and mother and brothers and sisters are all Christians, I want their Saviour to be mine. As we have a united family here I want an unbroken family circle in heaven." Aged, gray haired man, that was a beautiful path over which you went to church for the first time. That was a holy drive you took on the morning you went to take your first communion possible, got away from the beaten You did not speak much that morning, but your thoughts were very deep and very high. They were as deep as your mer tourist to go to Paris and live sins, as high and as great as the with Americans in an American hotel, forgiveness of God. Oh, why have you not always kept walking in that path? Christ walked with you there twenty years ago. Jesus as guide is Americans in Berlin. When I go to ready to lead you back to that path

Highway of Blossoms. There is still another path which you once trod. This path is fragrant with Like the fabled trees of old. The old paths!" the heavy branches which line it are laden with silver bells. It is the path which once led up to your marriage altar. It is the path over which the fallen rice is strewn and where the merry laughter of the bridesmaids is trying to drown the joyful salutations of the wedding chimes. The blossoms which line this pathway are orange blossoms. The silver bells are those which once played Mendelssohn's "Wedding Where did that path which March." ended at the marriage altar first lead you? "Oh," you answer, "it led me first among the briers and over the stony grounds. My courtship days were not all sunshine. For a long time I did not know whether I could win the hand of my heart love. In the first place, I was not socially her equal. Then I was penniless and had nothing to offer but my two hands and a willing heart. Then my life was not what It ought to have been. But she had faith in me. I promised her to reform. I went to church with her. I gave up frinking, and I promised her I would surrender my heart to Christ. And, do you know, the night she gave herself to me she made me kneel with her and we both made a prayer that God would hear and help me keep my vows." Ah, yes, my brother, I know just how you feel when you think of that old path which led up to your marriage altar! When you took the trembling hand of that young girl in yours you truly felt that you wanted to be good You promised God, then and there, for ne sake as well as your own, to live a good, true, pure, noble, Christian life. Have you kept your vow? Are you willing to go to church with her now as you did when you were engaged to ost part, our mothers lost their physher? Are you helping her to set the right example before your childrenyour children and hers? Remember, man, you made a promise to her and to God on the night of your wedding. Will you seek the old path of conse crated love, which wound through the the night you took your heart love as lence of them for travelers is obvious.—

a bride from her father's home?

Keep Your Pledges. But there is still one more path I want you to seek. That is the one which led down by the cradle of your children. When your first child was born, if you had the least spark of we were born. They did it so that to be a good man for your baby's sake. when they should lie down upon a bed | Even the lowest form of human being is born to him. In the graveyard of your mother and her ways.

Clear Away the Rubbish.

But, come, let us take our axes today and clear away some of that rubbish. Let us explore the old path which once led up to the old homestead. When the first settlers entered the Michigan woods they used to "blaze" the trees. That means that with their axes they would chop a notch out of this tree and that and the other tree as they went along. Thus, if they is a garden wood in the part of the properties and the other tree as they went along. Thus, if they is a garden wood in the part of the properties and the other tree as they went along. Thus, if they is a garden wood in the part of the clergyman, "but"— and paused. The wholesale murder was to take place the captain of the pirates found in a stateroom a woman by the may of the state allows me a dollar," said the clergyman, "but"— and paused. The state allows me a dollar," said the clergyman, "but"— and paused. Some pauses are more eloquent than to take place the captain of the pirates found in a stateroom a woman by the may of Mrs. James Wilson, with a mewborn baby lying by her side. He state allows me a dollar," said the clergyman, "but"— and paused. Some pauses are more eloquent than to take place the captain of the pirates found in a stateroom a woman by the may of Mrs. James Wilson, with a mewborn baby lying by her side. He state allows me a dollar," said the clergyman, "but"— and paused. Some pauses are more eloquent than to take place the captain of the pirates found in a stateroom a woman by the may of the clergyman, "but"— and paused. Some pauses are more eloquent than to take place the captain of the pirates found in a stateroom a woman by the may of the clergyman, "but"— and paused. The clergyman words. Evidently this was not. "Well," finally remarked the ground in a stateroom a word

years as Mrs. Mary Wallace and was buried in the little graveyard at Henwould call your attention today. It is niker. As that pirate in all probability that which you once traveled when go- saved that crew on account of the memory of his own little daughter, so the birth of every firstborn child in the country, then there was poetry makes almost every father pledge himself to God to be a better and purer man and a noble Christian. Have you

kept the vow you made when your Besides that, my brother, have you a timely call for a return to the simple a heart as true as honesty itself. Look- They would come nearer and nearer to also tried to follow out that pledge you baby was very sick? You well remember the grave faces of the physicians. You well remember how you knelt by the crib and said, "O God, if you will make my baby well I pledge to you my future life." You well remember the pledge you made to God on the night your baby died. Nearly every one of us has had a child's death in our family. Have you kept that pledge? Have you kept the pledge you made to God on the old path which once led down to the cradles of your living children and now also leads down to the graves of your dead ba-

> The Way to Happiness. But how are you going to find your way back to these old paths? Some of you have been away from these paths for many years. You are lost, completely lost. You will never find your way out from the mountains of sin unless you have a divine guide. The importance of a guide to one lost in the mountains of earth or of sin can never be overestimated. I remember, some years ago, when bicycling through the mountains of West Virginia, we were completely lost. We wandered around and around until the sun sank and the twilight covered up her somber face with a black robe and hid herself in total darkness. We groped our way along, shuddering at the flendish yell of a screech owl and the glittering eyes that might be those of a prowling pan-After awhile we saw a dim light in the distance. We struggled on until we could knock at that house and be taken in. Then in the morning we were safe because our host, as a guide, directed us on. Today, ye lost and wearied sinners, Christ is ready to be your guide. He will lead you out of the mountains of sin. He will lead you to the old paths which are all converging into the one Christian path that leads to the foot of the heavenly throne. Will you let him lead you? Will you let him pardon you?

you let Jesus save you? May the old paths of Christian love today become to you the new paths of Christian service. We have read that, in 1892, a party of men were encamped upon the battlefield of Pea Ridge, in northern Arkansas. While they were cooking their supper by the camp fire they exploded a buried twelve pound Parrott cannon shell which had been fired there out of a Federal gun on June 12, 1862, thirty years before. Would that this sermon, like that buried shell, might have an explosive pow er. May it awaken all the sweet and holy memories of the past-memories twenty, thirty, forty and even fifty years old-and start each one into a new Christian life. "Stand in the way and see and ask for the old paths!

[Copyright, 1903, by Louis Klopsch.]

Abram S. Hewitt alone knew who gave \$250,000 to New York's Cooper Union last year, and very likely no one else ever will know. The story as he told it was that after Mr. Carnegle's gift of \$600,000 he was wondering where the next \$300,000 should come from when "a gentleman whom I have long known, who had never manifested any special interest in Cooper Union, called at my house" and after a chat and a cup of tea said, "By the way, I have got something for you, a little gift for Cooper Union," "and to my intense astonishment he handed me \$250.-000." It was a certified check on a trust company. Mr. Hewett turned it over to the corporation and never told any one who the modest giver was.

Paper Versus Linen. In spite of prejudice the Japanese pa per serviette is making headway, and perhaps it would become even more popular if it were not for its brilliant decoration, which rather jars upon the taste of people who associate the refinements of the table with spotless white linen. But the paper handkerchief has even greater claims upon our approbation. A handkerchief which is merely an ornamental adjunct to a lady's tollet is all very well, but there is no innate daintiness about the mouchoir and its uses. The washing of one which has seen the service for which it was intended is by no means a task for the fastidious, and with our increasing knowledge of the spread of disease it is a question if it is not a reasonable sanitary precaution that all should be destroyed. If that idea once got into the public mind the future of the paper handkerchief should be assured. The paper mouchoir, which can be burned when done with, appeals to us on the score of economy, as well days of your courtship and ended on as that of convenience. The conven-

> The Bridegroom's Tip. There is a young clergyman near Hagerstown, Md., who might be excused for saying "the guilelessness of some rural gentry passeth all understand-

ing." A young couple with matrimoniai intheir rural homes, went recently to the parsonage of the clergyman in ques-

MEANING OF THE BILL

Practical Joke That Was Played on

General Batcheller, judge of the tribunal of Egypt, was a member of the assembly of New York state in 1873. He was a great favorite there with the newspaper men, as he was always brimful of good newsy incidents concerning doings of the day that were not of the "dry as dust" order. When there was a lull of business on the floor he was sure to be found chatting with the "boys" in the correspondents corner in the then old fashioned capitol. A good story of that period in which the colonel figures is told by a

member of the house of that year. A reporter in the assembly for one of the Albany papers used to make up every day a list for publication in his paper of all bills introduced, devoting to each a short paragraph mentioning the name of the introducer of the measure and giving a few lines concerning its objects. One day the reporter left his desk to get points from members, leaving a pile of "copy" on it. The last sheet on the top simply had the name of the man who introduced the bill, its title and some words explaining its

General Batcheller in sauntering about espied the reporter's vacant seat and quietly occupied it. Taking up a pencil, he sportively added the following to the writing he saw before him: "Two sections of this bill are as clear as mud. That may be because they re-fer to crossroads. The bill provides,

among other 'long felt wants,' for the establishment of a lake in the northern part of the county where assemblymen will be able to sail catboats during the dog days at the expense of the state." Of course the general's intention was to give the reporter a violent shock when he got back to his desk and ran his eye over the sheet. Somehow the reporter in his hurry to add new "stuff" to his copy turned to the next sheet and continued his "bills introduced" without reading the pad General Batcheller had doctored, and the general, becoming busy on the floor.

forgot all about his novel pencil work There was a big surprise for the assembly when many copies of that paper were published before the Batcheller addendum was discovered. There was a great laugh over the incident, and things were finally explained to everybody's satisfaction.-New York Times.

An English Bishop's Confessions. Some of the Euglish bishops, with all their dignity, are not above indulging at times in harmless pleasantry. The bishop of Norwich, for example, has been making some interesting confessions at a parochial gathering. "If any ladies here," he said, "want a lesson in simple cookery-how to make flapjacks or cook bacon-let them come to me, and I will teach them. It has been said of a certain king that he was fit to be a king because he had blacked his own boots, and, according to that reasoning, I am more fit to be a bishop than any one here because I have cobbled my own boots and mended my own breeches." The bishop made these confessions in the course of a lively speech, in which he maintained that happiness was an internal joy ing upon internal feeling. Some one in the hall suggested that income might have something to do with the matter. The bishop declared in reply that he had lived as poor a life as any of his hearers. When a missionary he had known what it was to sleep upon the ground for months at a stretch without even a blanket to lie upon .- New

York Observer. A Woman With Nerve.

A strange story comes from China of a remarkable operation for appendicitis performed by Mrs. William H. Logan, wife of a medical missionary in China. When living in the far interior of that vast country, 800 miles from the nearest doctor, her husband was stricken with appendicitis. Dr. Logan saw that his only chance of recovery lay in an operation, which he asked his wife to perform according to instructions which he gave her. A more appalling position for a human being to be placed in could scarcely be imagined, but this heroic woman, who might perhaps have screamed if a mouse had run over her feet, placed her husband under an anæsthetic and with her unskilled hand successfully removed his appendix. Afterward, when he had rallied sufficiently to be moved, she took him 800 miles by wagon and rail to a physician, who

completed the cure. His Maternal Grandma. A devoted father after a day's ab sence was met by his two little sons. "Have you been good boys?"

"Have you been good boys?" "No, papa; I called grandma a bad word," said five-year-old, turning scar-

your grandma?" "I called her a human being." The father, with mighty effort, maintained his gravity and closed the scene decorously. "I must forgive you for once, but remember if you ever call your grandmother a human being again I shall have to spank you."-

Boston Budget.

"Is it possible? What did you call

Did as He Promised. During the civil war there was one conscription fakir who made thousands of dollars before the authorities restrained him. This rascal would send letters broadcast, wherein he said he would communicate for \$2 a sure means of escaping the conscription. tent, fresh from the green fields of Letters inclosing two dollar notes poured in on him, and in reply to each letter he would send a printed slip read-

ing, "Join the nearest volunteer regi-